

King George is Still Dream's George

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King George is Still Dream's George

by [dummywithnoserotinin](#)

Summary

Dream made a move to grab George's wrist, almost on instinct for when he wasn't listening. But, easily, George sidestepped away from the grip.

"You wouldn't threaten the king, would you?"

Or; Dream needs to let George know his place.

Notes

Heyy,, first post,, wooo. I gotta be honest i'm nervous to post this but I think it's good?? it took me like a week bc i kept going in bursts of writing- anyway here, dnf smut. edging, thigh grinding, kinda public sex?, like maybe slight temp play? idk man also safeword (yellow) just for a pause in the middle.

update like a year and four months later why is this my most popular fic

George groaned lightly as he saw the wood supply, added with the thought that it was getting cold. They needed more wood, but of course, everyone was busy. He'd just do it himself. He needed to help out around more anyway.

He went back up to his room to grab an axe and a dagger, the second one to protect himself if he had to put his axe down for some reason. He also was terrible at swinging an axe.

While he was looking for his dagger, he heard a knock on his door. "Come in!" he called.

"Hey," He heard Dream greet casually and he smiled a bit.

"Hi, Dream," he said happily as acknowledgment, glancing briefly at the knight before looking away.

"Where are you going?" Dream asked suspiciously, seeing all of George's cold weather stuff laid out on his bed.

"Going to get more wood." George replied simply, and knew the reply just from the sigh Dream gave.

"I'll come with you." He said, making annoyance barely flare up inside of him. He didn't need to be constantly babied by everyone just because he was a king.

"You don't need to."

"But I should, for protection. It's starting to get cold and people will be more desperate for money for food." Dream tried to reason with the stubborn king.

"I can protect myself." George said as he found his boots and faced Dream.

"George you need to have someone with you if you're going into the forest. Preferably me, since I'm, you know, a royal knight." Dream groaned at the stubbornness of the king, glaring through his visor at the shorter man.

"King George, to you," George replied cockily with a smirk as he rustled through his belongings for the simple weapon to defend himself with. "And I'll be fine, I took classes when I was younger about self defense," he retorted, pulling out the dagger.

"People out there would easily be able to overpower you especially if you're only holding a little dagger." Dream scoffed, knowing himself George's strength was not up there.

"What is that supposed to mean?" George acted offended, glaring at Dream.

"It means that I need to come with--"

"I don't need you to protect me, Dream, I can protect myself. Probably better than you can," they both knew he was just being cocky, and he definitely couldn't protect himself, let alone better than Dream.

Dream made a move to grab George's wrist, almost on instinct for when he wasn't listening. But, easily, George sidestepped away from the grip.

"You wouldn't threaten the king, would you?"

He had the most shit eating smile on his face, and looked at Dream with a raised eyebrow. Dream fucking growled, his fists clenching in annoyance but he knew George was right. That's exactly what annoyed him.

"Anyway, let's go," the king said happily, as if they hadn't argued for 10 minutes about this and he hadn't wasted Dream's time.

With a scowl, Dream followed George outside after being sure he had a sword and other stuff he'd need.

"Where are you guys going?" Sapnap asked as they were on their way out, Dream already slightly annoyed.

"Wood," George replied simply, sending a smile towards Sapnap.

"Yeah, come get us if we're not back in an hour or two," Dream added, following George out with sigh.

As they walked towards the woods, Dream calmed himself down enough, "Don't you have people to do this?" He asked, putting his elbow on top of George's head.

"They're busy," George shrugged, pulling his axe out and they both went quiet while they started swinging at the wood.

After a little while, George whined and dropped the axe, "This is boring," he complained.

"You're the one who brought us out here." Dream retorted, not giving into George obviously wanting attention.

"Yeah, but it's boring and my arms tired! Let's go play something!" He said, pouting at Dream.

"No, we gotta finish chopping then bring it back." Dream declined.

"Come on!" George complained while dragging out the "o" and when he was only met with silence he begrudgingly went back to chopping.

After 15 minutes, he started whining and complaining again. "We can like, jump in a pile of leaves, Dream, cmon!" he whined, putting the axe down again.

"No." the knight replied gruffly.

"Dream!" George said in a louder tone.

"No." He said again, hands holding the axe tighter in his hand.

"You're no fucking fun!" George huffed and kicked leaves at Dream, scowling.

Without a second to rethink any decisions, Dream stuck his axe in the log he had been cutting and quickly approached George, who wasn't far away.

"Wait- Dream I-" he was cut off by his wrists and back being pinned against the rough bark of a tree.

"You know you're really getting on my fucking nerves?" Dream asked dangerously, towering over George.

“I-I didn’t mean to, Dream!” George lied quickly, struggling to get out of his grip and not looking the taller one in the eye.

“I’m sure you did.” He mumbled, keeping one hand to keep George’s wrists pinned and the other to lift his chin.

“No- I-“ He started, his words stammering until he went silent when he looked at Dream’s eyes. He was pissed. He was really pissed.

“Don’t lie to me. It’s not gonna make this any easier on you, Georgie.” Dream threatened, easily getting George to shut up. “Good boy,” he said quietly with a smirk, the simple words making George continue his squirming.

“You can’t do that,” he complained, a dark red settling on his face.

“What?” Dream hummed, leaning down to make little, barely noticeable marks on his neck.

“That,” George mumbled, too embarrassed to say how much he liked the praising, even if they both knew how much it did.

“I dunno what you’re talking about, Georgie,” Dream smirked, glad to have all the power back at the moment. Suddenly he went further down his neck and sucked a hickey onto his collarbone.

A surprised little noise made its way through George, “Dream,” he whined, struggling around his grip more.

“Hmm?” Dream asked, standing up fully again.

“Stop teasing,” he pouted, lightly kicking his partner’s shin.

“I’m just making sure you remember how quickly I can make you a writhing mess underneath me, I’m not teasing,” Dream said in a low tone, faux innocence clear in his eyes.

“But-“ He began, but was cut off.

“Unless, of course, you’d just say exactly what you want me to do to you, baby,” He added, knowing for a fact George got flustered if he was ever made to say what he wanted.

“I-“ George started, still forced to look up at Dream who’s stare felt like it was burning holes through him. “I-I don’t know,” he blurted, then silently scolded himself.

“Guess we’re going at my pace, then,” Dream said and leaned back down to mark up the smaller boy’s neck. He knew that if George just wore his cape-type-thing then it’d cover his neck, so that probably wouldn’t be a problem.

While focusing on making love marks, he accidentally loosened his grip on George’s wrists. Just enough for him to squirm out of his grip and attempt to flip their positions.

After a moment of surprise from the taller one, he chuckled darkly as George realized he couldn’t move Dream at all.

“What’re you doing, Georgie?” he asked, not lifting his head this time and just lightly biting into a patch of skin he found fit.

George yelped in surprise at the bite, trying to claw at Dream’s shoulders lightly in complaint. “Nothing,” he mumbled.

“I told you not to lie.” Dream’s voice lowered in his ear and he shuddered.

“I-I wasn’t lying, I wasn’t doing any—“

“Seemed like you were trying to take over. You know you can’t do that, hm? You’re being quite a brat today, aren’t you?” He said, leaning back just to lift George’s shirt up over his head.

The cold air made the overconfident man shiver in place, whining at the cold. “‘S cold,” he complained, moving his arms to cover himself.

“It’s your fault for bratting outside,” Dream said unsympathetically, clicking his tongue

George whined and pushed against Dream, half still trying to get away and half trying to get friction against his hardening cock.

Dream tsked in response, instead putting his knee between George’s legs, his thigh pushed up against the shorter’s clothed length.

“How about,” he gave a pause, for affect, as if George could focus on anything but the need in his body, “if you won’t tell me what you want, you have to grind against my leg, pup?” the blonde drawled out, waiting for movement from George but given none.

“I’m not that desperate,” the king defied, embarrassed at the thought of rutting against someone’s leg like a dog in heat.

“Oh?” Dream seemed to be challenged by that, and an almost sadistic look came upon his face. “Guess i’ll have to change that,” he said.

“What do you-“ George cut himself off with a hiss of surprise when cold air suddenly met his lower half, both his pants and boxers pulled down by Dream. After recovering from the slight shock of cold, he let out a whine and tried to somehow cover himself from the temperature. “It’s cold,” he whimpered again, refusing to look at Dream while he was like this.

“Your fault.” Came another unsympathetic answer, and suddenly he was touching him, his hand moving quickly over his member.

He let out a loud moan, bucking his hips into the touch. His surprised brain tried to catch up again, not sure why Dream was giving him this but honestly he didn’t care yet. “Fuckfuckfuck,” he mumbled as he thrust into Dream’s hand, his mind finally catching up and getting suspicious about why he was allowed this pleasure after bratting.

“Nngh, close, really close, Dre-Dream!” the last part was shouted indignantly, his high he was chasing torn away from him as his partner stopped all stimulation. “What the hell? I was about to cum, Dream!” he said, glaring at Dream who just had a satisfied smirk on his face.

“I told you I’d get you desperate enough,” he said confidently, to which George shook his head.

“I’m still not fucking grinding on your thigh like a teenager,” he sneered, still far too embarrassed to do anything of the sort. Then a wicked smirk came on his face, “I could just get myself off,” he said easily, his face growing into a confident grin. “You’re really bad at keeping me restricted without ropes or anything, Dreamie,” he teased as the other finally caught up after the slight shock of annoyance about George still bratting.

“You know you’re not allowed to touch yourself without permission, George,” Dream said, but was ultimately ignored as the now confident brat used the distraction of annoying him to slip away,

his back not against the tree anymore as he turned to look at Dream and crossed his arms.

“It really doesn’t seem like i get much punishment, though, do i? I mean, what? you edge me once or twice. Come on, Clay, you know I can handle that easily. It does nothing to me.” He put an emphasis on the knight’s name, not sure where he was going with this because he assumed Dream would’ve already done something to him by now.

In an instant his confident facade was wiped away as his chest was now pushed up against the bark of a tree, presumably the same one he'd stood against a few moments ago. Fingers tugged at his hair until he caught the eyes of Dream, looking more pissed than he had ever seen.

“You know i thought maybe I’d have some mercy on you, since it’s been a little bit. Maybe I would’ve fucked you then let you come against my thigh. But i don’t think i’ll let you come tonight, George. You’ve been too much of a brat,” He said, eyes narrowing as he gave a last slightly hard tug to the brown locks before letting them go.

“We don’t even have any lube, are you really gonna do this right here?” George continued his complaints, trying to catch his breath again.

“Georgie you know i’m always prepared for you to brat,” Dream chuckled, letting go of him for a moment to reach into his bag.

George spluttered in surprise, turning his head to look at Dream. “You brought lube?!” he asked, his eyes twinkling with pleasant surprise.

“Yeah,” Dream shrugged with a small laugh, breaking his annoyed attitude for a second before he shook his head and turned back, now holding lube. “No covering your mouth,” he said, knowing George often did that since he was quite vocal.

George whined quietly and pouted, “People might hear,” he protested.

“Too bad,” Dream shrugged with a confident grin and quickly spread the lube along his fingers. He knew people wouldn’t be out here, well, as long as it hadn’t been over two hours.

After he’d warmed it up just enough to not be practically painful, he pushed his finger into George.

“Dream, you’re gonna freeze me to death before you can fuck me,” George hissed, annoyed at how much cold he was feeling during this.

“You’re fine,” Dream replied, scoffing lightly and rolling his eyes. George only glared and forced himself to relax in response, letting Dream start moving his finger in and out slowly.

After about a minute or two, George started pushing back onto the finger and Dreams took this as an invitation to slide a second one in beside it. George sighed out at the stretch, as it had been a week or two since they’d done this.

“Did you miss this? Hm?” Dream cooed into the other male’s ear, his tone low and teasingly.

Not sure when fog had gotten into his brain and made any bratty thoughts merely thoughts, George nodded and let out a little whimper. “Missed it, missed you, fuck,” he mumbled, surprising Dream with his submissiveness.

“So desperate you can’t even brat anymore? Poor baby,” Dream chuckled and placed more small bites along his neck, moving some to his shoulders.

George merely whined in protest at the words, any words of his own dying in his throat when Dream started scissoring his fingers while pumping them in and out. He breathed out a curse, forgetting how good Dream was at this.

“So sensitive,” he murmured, deciding to be a bit more gentle with his punishment since he had become practically putty in Dream’s hands so quickly. He could only be so much of a hard dom. “I’m gonna be a bit more gentle since you’re being good now, mkay?” he hummed.

George nodded eagerly, “Thank you,” he mumbled, closing his eyes and again starting to push back on the fingers inside of him.

Once the third was in, his thoughts only got more foggy, bratting completely gone from them. The only thing in his head was Dream’s name on a repeat and it took him about 10 seconds to realize he hated being this far into subspace, and a few more to remember how to pause this.

“Yellow,” he mumbled and got an immediate reaction, the fingers stopping their movement and a hand on his shoulder.

“What’s up? You okay?” Dream asked worriedly, immediately breaking his facade of annoyance and dominance.

“Gimme a sec, don’t like bein this far— this subby,” he said quietly and felt a little squeeze of reassurance on his shoulder.

Almost a minute later he could actually get back to his normal thoughts and let out a little sigh.

“Good?” Dream asked, “Green?” he kind of rephrased, tilting his head to look George in the eye.

“Yeah, green,” came a soft reply with a smile. Dream pecked his cheek.

“Alright, you’re prepped, you all good with going all the way right now?” Dream asked, just to be sure as he pulled his fingers out and pulled off his shirt quickly. He then took his pants and underwear off, grabbing the lube again.

“Yeah, all good,” George replied and adjusted himself against the tree.

“Still okay with me edging you?” he added, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes, Dream, I’m alright, i’m not gonna break,” George giggled lightly, but thought it was kind of cute how worried Dream got about him after that.

“I can make you break,” Dream said with a smirk, going back to his normally dominant self. The comment made George’s face heat up and wiggle his backside enticingly. “So eager for me,” he teased, grinning.

“You’re just as eager for me,” George retorted, grinning and getting a squeeze on the hip as a warning.

“And I was going to lighten up your punishment,” Dream said, with a honey-coated venom to the words while he lubed himself up quickly.

“You’ve edged me before, Dream it’s not that- fuck!” He was cut off by Dream pushing in quickly, about halfway before he stopped. He could see George struggling a bit to adjust and got slightly concerned.

“Color?” He asked in a quiet tone.

“Green, fuck, really green,” George said, and that’s when Dream realized his face was more twisted with pleasure than pain.

“Oh? You like it when I’m this rough? Like the pain?” He knew that right now this wouldn’t be too much to cause any actual problems other than soreness. “Fucking whore.”

George groaned lightly at the teasing, pushing back more, “Shut up,” he mumbled, letting out a moan when Dream continued pushing into him.

“I should really have just put that mouth to use,” Dream grumbled, but was relishing the sounds he was able to pull from George. They both let out curses once Dream bottomed out, George’s along with whimpers to start moving.

“Shit- you can move, Dream, please, please fucking move holy shit,” George babbled, his senses heightened from it having been a while and the fact they were in the forest. They would have to come back to that kink sometime.

“You’re so pretty when you beg like that, Georgie,” Dream cooed with a giant self satisfied grin on.

“Shut the fu- ah fuck up,” George hissed, glaring half heartedly at the man behind him who decided then to move his hips.

“You don’t have any fucking power here, brat,” Dream growled lowly into George’s ear. “Don’t tell me what to do, unless you’re begging and asking don’t think you can fucking order me around. Got it?” he asked, nipping along George’s jaw for emphasis.

“Yes,” George whimpered and nodded quickly, barely staying in his comfort zone for how much control he was giving up.

“Good,” Dream said and actually started thrusting, trying to keep a slow pace at first before he gave up on that and just went to pounding into him as fast as possible.

George was yelling out moans at this point, completely lost in the pleasure and only held up by the tree and Dream’s hands which were now digging into his hips.

George was caught off guard when his head was turned and he was pulled into a rough kiss, Dream dominating the kiss easily despite attempts at defiance from George. When they pulled away Dream covered his mouth and slowed down his thrusts, causing a muffled whine to erupt.

“Sapnap and Punz came looking for us, be quiet.” he hissed but didn’t move his hand, knowing George wouldn’t be able to on his own.

George looked at him like he was crazy, because holy shit they could get fucking caught— rather, caught fucking— right now. But, the idea, as much as it scared him, he thought it was kind of hot.

Dream resumed his movement, going slower than before, at a pace that didn’t satisfy George as much but it was better than nothing.

George was barely able to keep his moans muffled enough for the other knights now walking around the first near them to not hear.

“Close, George,” Dream said and George nodded to signal that he was close too, even if Dream had

already known that.

George's mind got a bit fuzzy again but it was enough that he didn't mind, he bit his lip to keep his sounds quiet as he quickly approached his high. But he forgot about the punishment Dream had promised.

Just as he was about to release, Dream pulled out and started stroking himself instead. George suddenly remembered and protested with a shake of his head quickly, which was promptly ignored as Dream came, leaving George desperate against the tree.

"I told you you weren't coming tonight." Dream said as he came down from his high, grinning at the annoyed expression on George's face. Sure, Dream had edged him before, but he'd never just left him without an orgasm for the whole fucking night. "Get dressed," he said simply and went to grab his own clothes.

George rested against the tree for a moment, already feeling the soreness from Dream pushing in that quickly. "I'm sore already," he complained quietly as he got on his clothes that had been scattered around the floor during that.

"You like it."

Once they both were dressed, George having to maneuver his clothes to hide his hard-on that Dream left him with, cover his hickies correctly, and try to walk without limping. He could not.

"I'm not walking all the way back to the castle while sore and carrying a bunch of wood." George protested when Dream told him to carry the wood back.

"Sure, yeah, i'll carry you," Dream said sarcastically.

"Yes! Do that," George nodded eagerly, looking at Dream with puppy dog eyes. Dream found it impossible to resist. They decided to say George had just fallen asleep or something and now needed carrying back.

Dream picked George up, an arm underneath his knees and the other supporting his back so he didn't fall. George nuzzled into his chest and got comfortable, smiling to himself at the intimacy.

"Sap, Punz, we're over here!" Dream called out to the other two knights, who had been looking for like 30 minutes now.

After about a minute and a half they got to the other two and looked at George, seemingly asleep in Dream's arms.

Sapnap, who already had an inkling of the two's relationship not being platonic, raised an eyebrow, "He got.. tired?" he asked slowly, looking at Dream.

"Yeah, he doesn't do stuff like this much." Dream replied with a shrug. George almost said something in retaliation to the half joking jab but stayed quiet to keep the whole sleeping act up. "Can you help carry some wood back?" he asked as his hands were preoccupied.

"Yeah, sure," Sap shrugged, looking around as if he was looking for something.

The four of them made their way back, Sap and Punz carrying the logs they could and Dream still carrying George. They put the wood back and Dream went to put George in his bed, since the other had actually fallen asleep during the walk back.

He put the smaller down carefully in his bed, taking off his winter clothes that would be uncomfortable to sleep in and pulling the blankets over him.

“Dream,” George said, having woken up when he was put down.

“Yeah?” Dream hummed, sitting beside him on the bed.

George paused for a moment, almost seeming embarrassed, “‘M still hard,” He whined quietly, looking up at the other one with a pout.

Dream sighed, it taking all his willpower to not give into him, “I told you-“

“Please!” George cut him off, a small whimper coming along with the desperate word.

“George,” Dream sighed and paused himself. He really needed to focus on his own control. “Okay, okay,” he said with a little smile.

George sat up immediately with a grin, letting Dream shuffle past him so the other’s back was against the headboard.

“Come here,” He beckoned, tapping his lap lightly. George complied, not wanting to test Dream now that he was allowed this. The brunette sat in Dream’s lap, his back against Dream’s chest and rested his head on his shoulder. “You’re too cute,” The taller mumbled with a fond smile on his face, deciding to tease him just a little more.

George felt kisses being placed on the marks on his neck that were already there and whined softly, biting his lip to keep back protests. Hands made their way up his shirt, the light touches feeling like the worst things since it had been so long since he originally got hard.

Finally, his shirt got pulled off and he felt like they were getting somewhere, humming eagerly. Dream chuckled lightly from behind him and moved his hand over George’s crotch, palming his erection quickly. George moaned out in relief, Dream covering his mouth.

“People are still awake,” Dream warned, slowing down the touching for emphasis. George nodded quickly and bucked into Dream’s touch. Dream got a slightly evil smirk on his face and stopped his movement completely. George whined, muffled, at this and looked at him with a confused face.

“What the hell?” He mumbled, licking Dream’s hand to get it off his mouth. Dream made a disgusted face and pulled his hand away.

“You remember how you said you wouldn’t grind against my thigh to cum?” Dream asked, grinning as George’s face fell.

“I’m still not doing that,” He glared at the blonde, shaking his head.

“Really? Then, I mean, you could just try to go to sleep with that,” he motioned to George’s hard-on. “I could just go and do my actual duties,” he said, moving George off of his lap, who now seemed to be having an internal battle.

When Dream started to get up he grabbed his arm quickly and mumbled something incoherent with his head down.

“What was that?”

“I’ll do it,” he said, pouting at having to give into this. Dream sat back down and maneuvered

George onto his lap again, this time facing him. Dream sat back and waited for George to start, which he did, but tentatively.

“Go on,” Dream muttered, placing his hands on the other’s hips to slightly guide him. George huffed and his his face in Dream’s neck, grinding against Dream’s thigh and letting out a muffled moan. Quickly, the pleasure overtook him and he went faster, his moans devolving into incoherent babbling while he did.

Dream took his hands off of his hips and lifted his head to have George look at him. Dream almost got hard again at his expression, muttering a, “fuck,” under his breath before kissing the desperate boy.

George kissed back messily, it only spurring him on as he started whimpering bout Dream’s name, a surefire sign that he was close. Dream waited a few more second before he pulled away from the kiss and heard him babbling again.

“Fuck- can I please come, Dream, please please, Sir, please,” George babbled, and Dream was surprised by the ‘Sir’ but didn’t mention it right now.

“Yeah, go ahead, baby,” Dream chuckled lowly in his ear and immediately George did, still rocking his hips through his orgasm and biting down on Dream’s shoulder to muffle himself.

It took a few minutes for him to come out of the haze his orgasm came with and when he did he let go of his surprisingly tight grip on Dream and moved off of his lap to lay beside him.

“So,” Dream started, a grin on his face. “Sir?” he asked.

“Shut up,” George said, glaring at him for a few seconds before they started laughing. Once they calmed down, George groaned at the fact he had just come in his fucking pants from grinding against Dream’s thigh. “I’m gross now, ugh, I’m taking a bath.” He complained and got up to grab a towel and a change of clothes.

“Can I join?” Dream asked, figuring it’d be nice to just spend some time with his.. actually, he had no idea what they were. With George.

“If you don’t do anything, sure,” George nodded as he walked into the bathroom, starting to fill the tub up with warm water.

They both got undressed and waited for the water to fill, letting Dream wrap his arms around George from behind.

“I wasn’t too rough, right?” He asked, resting his chin on George’s shoulder.

“Yeah,” George giggled, “It was great, Dream. Don’t worry,” he said fondly, happy that Dream was concerned.

“I’m glad, I wouldn’t be able to live with myself if I hurt you,” Dream said. “In a way you didn’t like.” he added.

“Wh- shut up!” George laughed and kicked Dream playfully.

“I’m not wrong, Georgie-“ Dream began but was shut up by George turning around to kiss him.

“I said shut up,” George huffed and pulled away from the embrace to motion that the tub was ready.

Dream got in first, George getting in after, pressed against his chest and both enjoying the warmth and cuddles.

“Y’know,” Dream began, playing with George’s hair to slightly calm his nerves. Ever since he realized that they hadn’t exactly made an obvious label to put on them, he really wanted to know what they were.

“Hmm?” George hummed back lazily, leaning into the touch.

“I was wondering,” he said, pausing again to figure out his words, “I know we mostly do like, just sex and stuff.. uh, well, other than aftercare, i guess.” he sighed and got the courage to actually ask, “What are we? I mean, like, friends with benefits, or?” he asked, too scared to finish the question completely.

George was silent for a little while, which concerned him a bit. “I..” he began, seeming confused as well. “I dunno uh.. what do you wanna be?” he asked quietly, also scared for the answer Dream would give.

“I... I gotta be honest, George, I would like to be boyfriends? And I know that would be complicated because you’re king and we would have to-“

He was cut off by another kiss, but this one was more sweet, letting him relax and kiss back.

“I would love to be boyfriends, we’ll figure out everything as we go, I guess.” George said when he pulled away, his head at a strange angle to kiss Dream. “So, boyfriends?”

“Boyfriends.”

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